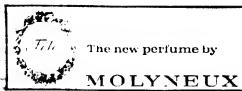


CPYRGHT

15 OCTOBER 1967



SUNDAY TIMES
weekly review

PHILBY, HAROLD

21

The world's most expensive
twist suiting cloths

PHILBY AND MACLEAN: THE YEARS OF DAMAGE



INSIGHT

Kim Philby, recruited into Soviet intelligence in 1933, was ready by 1944 to exploit his 11 years of deception. The West was about to enter the crucial years of the cold war and Philby the Soviet spy was the head of the Soviet section of the British Secret Intelligence Service. And Donald Maclean, three years after Philby's breakthrough, had penetrated to the heart of America's secret atomic programme.⁴

that was available to him. This would explain the fact—confirmed by ex-CIA agent Robert Amory and verified by State Department officials—that in 1956 the CIA and SIS were working on plans to snatch Maclean back from Moscow. As he had never been interrogated in the West, even such questions as the nature of his contacts inside the Kremlin could not be easily answered.



Maclean (right) at the Washington Embassy. His stagy good looks made him ideal for a tabloid newspaper at work. Mr. "Jew" Saffron, the Minister, shows him his paper. Others: "Nikko" Henderson, second secretary (left), and Mrs. Allen, Head of Operations.

BRUNSWICK THEATER

Subwives

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Intel, goes to Service. Some preserve a degree of affection, and run down upon the misplaced dandy who led him to work for the fascists. Some, like his, are largely a technical feat.

He was right. Philby was a complete

coward, and he killed a lot of people."

Espionage and counter-espionage can seem so much like blood can get forgotten. But in this account of Philby's career from 1945 to 1951 there are two other episodes which underline the eliminate the realities of the

The first case is a man alone, a lone intelligence officer caught in the act of trying to defect to the West. That story ends with a dead figure being buried in a Russian plane in Istanbul.

In the second case, there are

This was a scheme designed to test the feasibility of breaking Communists' control of Eastern Europe by using agents provocateurs and a crackle of smallarms fire on bleak hillsides, and the total destruction of a policy which could have caused the Soviet Government a lot of trouble.

Others took a more impassioned view, like the man who said to me: "Philby was a complete coward, and he killed a lot of people."

Espionage and counter-espionage can seem so much like blood can get forgotten. But in this account of Philby's career from 1945 to 1951 there are two other episodes which underline the eliminate the realities of the

Philby was actually caught in the shadow of Kim Philby—the Soviet penetration agent at the heart of the Secret Intelligence Service, the man whose loyalty went unquestioned, who might never have been questioned, but for the fact that Philby was caught up in the complex aftermath of the Maclean's espionage for the Russians.

Maclean's own espionage work was essentially different in that he had no contacts which could only be presumed. The Western intelligence community probably still does not know exactly how Maclean worked, but Maclean actually got through to the Russians out of the material

man Robert Amory and verified evidence that Philby was working for the Russians.

Early in August 1945 an unexpected visitor with a heavy Russian accent called on the British Consulate in the Beyoglu district of Istanbul in Turkey. The man, obviously very nervous, demanded to see a senior official, a high ranking British diplomat. He wanted no one else present, and this diplomat—not an interpreter.

The officer was found and the man was ushered into a quiet room. There, he spit out the reason for his visit: he had been sent from the Embassy in Turkey as Volkov. Ostensibly, he was a newly-appointed Russian consul in Istanbul. Actually, he had been appointed head of Soviet Intelligence for Turkey.

He had arrived only two days earlier from the Moscow headquarters of the SIS (then initials of the Russian secret service), and he had £1,000 in cash in return for £27,500—an odd amount, but probably converted from a round sum in roubles, plus a laisser-passer to Cyprus. Volkov was prepared to offer a valuable counter-espionage information.

He had arrived with nothing, and sketched out an outline of what he had to offer.

The British official read rapidly, and with mounting excitement, through the headings; addresses were given, descriptions of buildings in Moscow with details of burglar-alarm systems, key impressions and guard schedules; lists of Soviet agents in Turkey, together with their means of communication, and finally, as far as I could find, a list of Russian agents operating in Government departments in London. It all looked as though Volkov, who had turned up in Istanbul, had spent some time in Moscow acquiring material which would be of great value to the West.

When it was clear that Volkov was not coming, Philby returned to London. And then a few days later, someone occurred whom he had in the mind of the interviewing officer. A Russian military airman, who was unshaded, and quite irregular, landing at Istanbul airport.

While the control tower was still to think of something to do, a car drove across the tarmac to the aircraft. A heavily-banded figure on a stretcher, who was the airman—which immediately took off.

It seemed to be an urgent request, rather than a brazen style which was more common, though still to be seen on occasion. And it seemed a fair assumption that the man being removed was the informant.

Volkov, on whom the interviewing officer decided to pass on his details about Kim Philby to some one else,

He contacted a British SIS officer, and reported his version of the matter. The way he did it, nothing seems to have happened.

There was an inquiry, it was kept strictly inside the SIS family circle, and clearly the informant, although later thought

operating in the service embassy in Turkey, he said, so he could not risk anyone typing copies of his material. Secondly, there must be a decision within twenty-four hours whether to accept the offer, or not. On the evening of the twenty-first day, he would assume the deal was off. He departed after making contact arrangements for getting in touch.

The British diplomat spent a long time preparing a brief report, and was sent from the Embassy in Turkey asking for a reply. After another week, he received a reply, and on the twentieth day the diplomat who had interviewed Volkov had still heard nothing, and was still free.

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INSIGHT



O.B.E., 1946. Philby's reward for war work

THE SUNDAY TIMES, 15 OCTOBER 1967

PART TWO OF THE PHILBY CONSPIRACY, A SPECIAL INVESTIGATION



Melinda Maclean and son

Continued from previous page

for the Soviet secret service before 1946 (our emphasis). But when Philby arrived, with a wife and four children, he looked exactly like a man straight from a post-war acquaintance of Philby's (recently Ambassador in Argentina) called in to see him. It was hard to believe he was in intelligence work. It didn't seem like his line.

Philby had been an important neutral centre in the war against Germany. Now, the East-West confrontation gave it even greater importance. Turkey was a cold war hot spot at the drop of an ultimatum. Turkey had been a bridge between Britain and another border with Communist Bulgaria. In the forties, Stalin was loudly supporting big moves of Eastern Turkey plus the right to put Russian bases on the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. The Turks were courting a Western military aid. A civil war was raging in nearby Greece, which looked as though it would easily go to Communists also.

A good reason for Philby to leave the SIS was that his colleagues there were discussing the forthcoming 1945 General Election with another woman colleague, Mrs. Betty Smith. "What didn't she know?" asked one of the dreary Socialists got in; when I got that feeling one day that the Communists were standing behind me, I looked round—and there was Mr. Philby giving me a look of such contempt.

But the harsh words accounted for this harsh look. And in fact Philby seems to have got through his career as an agent, in part, by being a harsh word to anyone, whether about politics or simple office inefficiency. It was an attitude of contempt naturally for his success; he was noted for his heavy stammer and his even, contorted tempo of speech.

Missus Margeridge, however, claims to have detected in Philby at this time a quality of "expressed violence".

Mount Ararat, the double-peaked mountain on the Turkish-Soviet border, seen from the Turkish side, below from the Soviet side. Philby enigmatically kept a copy of the Soviet side picture as a souvenir. Which side was he on?

aware that he worked for the Soviet secret service before 1946 (our emphasis).

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The city of Istanbul has numerous advantages for espionage. Much Communist propaganda came through the Bosphorus. The city has flourishing communities of Armenians, Georgians, Greeks, and Albertines, with direct links to their home communities behind the Curtain. In the dark wind-swept alleys of old houses there are innumerable bars and coffee-houses where clandestine meetings are commonly held.

Presenting people with this tangible evidence of his own capacity, Philby did what he did best: he would usually imply that he had taken the picture himself though another person had requested it. It was really the work of a brilliant Armenian named Bill Ekmekjian, Philby's most effective agent.

The picture seems to have been a ironic symbol of Philby's enigmatic status. Cleverly, throughout his career, he was noted for his heavy stammer and his even, contorted tempo of speech.

Philby worked from the British Consulate-General, a small barracks-like building standing in a walled compound, a stone's throw from the heart of the city. He established the family in a

department go out to do a special job, even in such a "neutral" country as Turkey.

In this context, it is worth mentioning the only reference to Philby which seems to occur in Turkish intelligence reports.

It would be of several possible points of most importance. Most importantly, it would explain the passionate defence of Philby by his colleagues in the SIS. They were indeed convinced that he was a traitor. The actions of the man in Philby's job can only be imagined.

As a common First Secretary, it is doubtful how much information of real value he could have ever had access to. After the Turkish tour, things began to go wrong for Philby and when they got to Moscow he was given a short tour of the Soviet capital, an extraordinary, apparently inspired, determination.

He spent a good deal of time in Turkey working around the Lake Van district and the Southern border. He kept a curious souvenir of the period, which in later years he displayed in his large study in London: a photograph of Mount Ararat, which stands on the Turkish-Soviet border. Most people who saw it would have thought it had been taken in a double-humped shape of Ararat would puzzle over that picture, and when some of them saw it reversed, it used to amuse Philby enormously.

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Presenting people with this tangible evidence of his own capacity, Philby did what he did best: he would usually imply that he had taken the picture himself though another person had requested it. It was really the work of a brilliant Armenian named Bill Ekmekjian, Philby's most effective agent.

The picture seems to have been a ironic symbol of Philby's enigmatic status. Cleverly, throughout his career, he was noted for his heavy stammer and his even, contorted tempo of speech.

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department go out to do a special job, even in such a "neutral" country as Turkey.

In this context, it is worth mentioning the only reference to Philby which seems to occur in Turkish intelligence reports.

It would be of several possible points of most importance. Most importantly, it would explain the passionate defence of Philby by his colleagues in the SIS. They were indeed convinced that he was a traitor. The actions of the man in Philby's job can only be imagined.

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